

the world would be told." And so they do. In the van vanishing off into the distance, and the small, pale, thin, red, red, red, did well in the valley of the dead, and were, as you will see, a little, very little, more easily satisfied than the others, who could have, as you see, a great many other things to do, and not be so easily satisfied.

THE COMPANION.

No. XVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1828.

"Something alone yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found, in a friend."—**SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.**

NEW SPLENDOURS AT WINDSOR.

An evening paper has given us some beatific glimpses into a new quadrangle, which is being added to Windsor Castle. How it obtained them, is not very clear; seeing that measures have been taken "for the most rigid exclusion of prying curiosity!" The architect, it is said, has been ordered by the King, "under pain of his royal displeasure," not to allow any person whatever to see the interior of the new structure; and in consequence of this strong prohibition, my Lord Gambier, "and even Bishops," have tried in vain to get admittance. We suppose the accounts have been brought away by some ecstatic upholsterer's man, or peeping glazier. We must fancy him in a fit of rapture, throwing out bits of description, and sentences too happy to go on:—"splendour and magnificence!"—"blue and gold!"—"Oh, the fillagree staircase!" And then they hold him down.

The following are the chief marvels that have transpired:—

"The silk hangings are wrought in pannels made on purpose."

"The flowers and borders consist of a species of embroidery, never before seen in this country."—["Different individuals were employed in the manufacture thereof; so that no one out of doors could see the *tout-ensemble*."]

"In his Majesty's bed-room there is a bath, the vapours of which, when heated, must prove rather an inconvenience." The bed is to be placed "in a recess opposite the fire-place."

"The windows are all of superb plate-glass, most of them five or six feet high, and about three feet wide. There are four huge panes to each window, made to lift up, each pane being framed by itself, slipping in a groove, and lifting up separately, so as to form a distinct window. They are of the most costly materials. One room on the private staircase has a glass dome or lantern, with ornamented stone-work of the finest texture, resembling filagree."

"Plate glasses are in every door throughout the building, except in the bed-rooms."

"Some of the doors and double doors have five hinges, of the most expensive kind and exquisite workmanship."

"Two rooms are completely hung, one with dark blue paper, and broad crimson border covered with gold; the other is of a delicate salmon colour."

And "there are three hundred rooms, requiring five hundred servants in constant attendance."

"The finishing will cost at least half a million."

This ungrateful plumber adds, that, in spite of its extensive and costly improvements, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, Heir Presumptive of the Throne, is said to be "by no means partial to Windsor;" and he is of opinion, that "if the late Minister had avoided sending an expedition to Portugal, and expended its cost upon this building, the King might have had a palace worthy of the empire; the nation something to show for its money; and the affairs of Portugal would be only in the same situation they are now in."

That is to say, if Mr Canning had not taken the liberal side of politics with regard to Portugal, as a quarter which he could not omit without detriment to the cause all over the world, princes and paper-hangers might have been now doing what they pleased; and Don Miguel, "that unlicked cub," (as a Plymouth friend describes him) might have been rifling the honey of his industrious subjects, without bringing a hive about his ears.

We only hope, for our parts, that the erection of this new edifice will amuse the King, and give him some pleasant hours. We have our opinions respecting the desirableness of such things; but they involve reflections upon a great many other things for which kings are not responsible, and which cannot hinder us from wishing that their latter days may be comforted. Comfort, unluckily, it is not very easy to identify with buildings of this sort. To say nothing of the "bed in a recess," and of panes that open like windows to let in a zephyr at a time, which are matters of private taste, what

sense of privacy can a man have, in a house with three hundred splendid rooms in it, "requiring five hundred servants in constant attendance?" A king can never be comfortable like another man, unless he sets his wits to act as if he were no king, and then his birth and bringing-up would not let him. He and the poorest man in his dominions are just about in as bad a way for the attainment of a tranquil pleasure. His enjoyments must always be at the height, "full measure, pressed down, and running over;" and let them get ever so high, they must be higher, or what do they amount to? The will, the will, is the thing. When this is put into a state of excitement, beyond the level of humanity, there is no end of measuring its wants with its possessions.

Somehow these large houses never do to live in, even for men whose imaginations might be supposed to be equal to them. In the famous account of his house left us by Pliny, to say nothing of the obscurity of it to modern readers, and the strange number of windows he seems to have delighted in, we are teased with the multitude of rooms, the neighbourhood of servants, and the great pains he is obliged to take, after all, to secure to himself in the midst of all this elegant retirement, a little noiseless room in which he can really retire.

There is another ostentatious account of a house by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham (the palace still called Buckingham House, in the Park). He tries to make a great case out for himself; talks of rising from a very large bedchamber, entirely quiet, &c. "to walk in the garden," or in "a saloon filled with pictures;" of looking into "the pleasantest park in the world;" of concluding the evening "on a delightful terrace;" and of heaven knows how many rooms, views, paintings, and other luxuries; and yet at the close of his description, he must needs add,—with a sigh,—

"After all this (to a friend I will expose my weakness as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments) I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all manner of respects."

This candour does him honour. He concludes, in a strain which lets us still further into his uneasiness, and which, among other

evidences in his writings, shows him, with all the pride of which he was accused, to have been a good-natured man:—

“ And now,” says he, “ (*pour faire bonne bouche*, with a grave reflection) it were well for us, if this incapacity of being entirely contented was as sure a proof of our being reserved for happiness in another world, as it is of our frailty and imperfection in this; I confess the divines tell us so; but though I believe in a future state more firmly than a great many of them appear to do, by their inordinate desire of the good things in this; yet I own my faith is founded, not on the fallacious arguments of preachers, but on that adorable conjunction of unbounded power and goodness, which certainly must recompense hereafter so many thousands of innocent wretches created to be so miserable here.”

It is unphilosophical to say, that the poor are “ created to be miserable.” We know that they too often are so, and princes and dukes with them; and there is good reason to believe that these notions of destiny, superficially taken, are capital things for keeping them so. The case is, that unhappy paupers and unhappy princes are equally in a condition unbefitting the reasonableness of humanity; and that neither too many rooms, nor too little, are the secret for putting the occupier at ease. Here is a good-natured possessor of a palace, uneasy both with the palace itself, and with the thought that others have got none. If he were not good-natured, his own ill-disposition would plague him worse. And thus it is that individuals cannot be happy, while the mass are in a preposterous state of inequality. It is a common answer to lamentations respecting poverty, that the rich are in reality not more happy than the poor; that care is equally distributed, if people knew all, &c., and pleasure with it. This, to a certain extent, is true; but it is as foolish an argument as can be conceived for maintaining things as they are: for the great point is, that no class of men should have cares *beyond what they need have*, whether of poverty or wealth; whereas, granting that care must always exist in a degree, some men are rendered superfluously miserable by an excess of want, while others are made equally so by an unnatural and will-pampering abundance. Another sophistry is, that these superfluities “ employ the poor.” Employ the poor by all means, and the rich too (especially as they think it such a good thing); but why employ them to any one’s disadvantage? Why have uneasy proprietors of a dozen great houses, and people un-

easy with being no proprietors at all? Moderate employment is good for everybody, and immoderate possession for nobody.

We may reckon it for certain, that the greatest pleasure which the King has in his new building, is in seeing how it gets on, examining plans, &c., and giving directions for the furniture: that is to say, in occupying himself. All the rest—the grandeur, the effect on strangers, the saying to himself, "How fine this is!" and "How royally I am housed!" comes to nothing, when the occupation is gone, or only serves as a groundwork for some unattainable wish. The top of Babel was found to be no nearer heaven than the bottom.

DOMESTIC NEWS FROM CHINA.

A CURIOSITY has arrived in town, of a nature more interesting to those who consider the world at large, and the prospects of it, than twenty more obvious phenomena. We mean, the first three numbers of an English newspaper, *printed in China*. It is called the Canton Register; and is to give us as much information as possible relative to the manners and proceedings of that very populous, cunning, twinkle-eyed, tea-drinking, petti-toed, and out-of-the-way country; which has so long contrived to keep its monotony to itself.

When an ambassador arrives in China, he is *had up to town* (as we should say) by the most secret possible conveyance; suffered to look about him as little as may be; and dispatched as fast as he can be turned out, with a toy for his master, and none of his objects gained. Furthermore, Canton is the Yarmouth or Portsmouth of China; and from that quarter an occasional decree has transpired from the Emperor, just as a Chinese might have carried off one of our king's proclamations from a wall at a sea-port. In this manner, all the information hitherto afforded us has been brought away. We know something of the rabble of Canton, and the rabble of the Court; but respecting the great mass of the people, travellers have been able to tell us little or nothing.

We suspect, however, that the world has been enabled to form a better judgment of the Chinese than they fancy. We might

believe the account of the Jesuits, or not, as we pleased ; but those reverend gentlemen, besides the history of their own praises and progress, furnished us with some Chinese *dramas* and *novels*, which have turned out to be genuine. The number of these has latterly been increased ; Sir George Staunton has added a translation of their chief book of the law ; and thus, from the evidences afforded by books (books, ever the great enlighteners of the earth !) we have been enabled to form at least some good probable guesses at the state of society and knowledge among all the classes of our little-eyed friends ; the upshot of which appears to be this ; that they are a people naturally intelligent, humane, and fanciful, who, by reason of an excess of veneration paid to their fathers and forefathers, have been kept for an extraordinary period of time in a state of profound submission to their "paternal government;" and the consequence has been, that their gentleness has been converted into effeminacy, their intelligence into cunning and trickery, and the whole popular mind rendered stationary for centuries. It is impossible not to be sensible of the miniature scale upon which everything proceeds in their novels. They take little sups of wine, little cups of tea ; have little feet and eyes ; write little poems, and get on in the world by dint of very little tricks. One cannot but fancy them writing with crow-quills, and speaking at the tip of their voice.

At the same time, there is something not unamiable, nor even undignified or unprofound, in that universal sense of the filial duties, of which the government has taken so much advantage. And this has kept alive certain virtues and humanities among them, which would have gone out under any other despotism. A Chinese is taught to have a sort of worship for the authors of his being, and if we mistake not, for their's; perhaps for two or three generations upward. Wherever subsistence is easy, and the temper not excessively bad, this can hardly fail to produce a corresponding tenderness towards the children, at least a mild and considerate treatment. It is true, instances of the reverse, when they do occur, must be frightful, and give double force to that excess of arrogance and selfish exaction which parents, not otherwise, are sometimes guilty of in all countries : for even in China the mistake must be exasperated by the

rated by an instinctive sense of it's contradicting the first laws of nature, which are rather prospective than retrospective, and for an obvious reason, consider rather children than parents. But necessity and public opinion must, upon the whole, combine to render the principle of filiality a convenience rather than an abuse; and we have little doubt, that, in their domestic intercourse, the Chinese are prepared to entertain all the gentler sympathies of their nature, subject to those drawbacks which accompany excessive submission of any sort, and which keep them timid, secret, and circumventing. The worst of it is that the paternal system of law is apt, like other dull parents, to mistake anger and bodily correction for good things; and thus the Chinese are the most bastinadoed people on earth.

It is remarkable, that the first account we have of a Chinese paper (for such the Canton Register may be called) brings with it an instance of this extraordinary reverence inculcated towards parents, of the licence into which their effeminacy leads them, and of the opportunities taken by government to turn the national feeling to its own purposes. At the same time the government itself, not being out of the pale of this feeling, and always making a shew both of its power and humanity, takes into consideration the "extenuating" circumstances of the case, and, though apparently both cruel and unjust, is not more so, it is to be supposed, than it can help. The following is the extract:—

"**HO-NAN PROVINCE.**—A native of this province, in August 1827, unintentionally caused the death of his own mother. The sentence is, *to cut him to pieces by slow degrees*. That is, *beginning at the less vital parts deliberately, the hands, the fore-arms, the feet, the legs, the thighs, the head, and then stab the trunk to the heart*. But there was something extenuating in his case, and the sentence is referred for ratification to Peking. His Majesty has sent it to the Criminal Board.

"The offender, Yaou-a-pa, detected his uncle in incestuous intercourse with his mother, for which his uncle tied him up, and beat him. After which he witnessed his uncle going and spending the whole night in his mother's room. Yaou-a-pa's feelings of anger and indignation were now worked up to the highest pitch. He seized a sickle, and made blows at Yaou-tseih, his dear uncle. The uncle slipped and got behind him, and seized the handle of the sickle, with his arms round his nephew. The mother came behind, and relieved the uncle from his embrace. He fled, and the mother threw her arms round the youth *without his being conscious of the change*. The struggle continued until the young man overpowered the woman, and wounded her mortally before he was aware that the stroke of the sickle entered his mother's heart.

"On the 21st of August his Majesty's decision in the case of Yaou-a-pa

was received. His sentence is decapitation, *after* a period of imprisonment; this sentence usually terminates in strangling on a cross, which, leaving the body entire, is regarded as a lesser punishment than beheading. Yaou-tseih, the incestuous uncle, is ordered for immediate execution.*

Some amusing specimens of national manners and feeling accompany this tragic story.

The Governor of Canton, a personage of the name of Le, who appears to have newly entered upon his office, is, we are told, "a gentleman of mild and conciliating manners, *easily satisfied with pecuniary offerings*, and desirous of tranquillity. In short, he is considered a good governor."

His Excellency the *Hoppo* also, whose name is Wan, is a very mild, good-natured man, *when he is sober*; but he has an unhappy propensity, like most of the Tartars, to strong liquors; and, when under their influence, he is rather violent and unruly."

Thus it is under all Imperial Governments. "Let *observation*," as Johnson says,

— *with extensive view,*
Survey mankind from China to Peru,

and, besides equally bad poetry written by the critics, it will find that the way to satisfy great men in all countries is to make them pecuniary offerings; and that they are not above the temptation of drinking strong liquors; upon which occasion the ruler becomes unruly. The *Hoppo* however is still a God-send, considering he is a Governor; for he is mild when sober: and Le is still better, for he is "easily satisfied with pecuniary offerings;" which, as fees appear to be *ad libitum* in that quarter, is more than you could say of gentlemen in less heathen countries.

The religion of the intelligent classes in China is understood to be

* The law against parricide stands as follows, in the book translated by Sir George Staunton:—

"Any person convicted of a design to kill his or her father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, whether by the father's or mother's side; and any woman convicted of a design to kill her husband's father or mother, grandfather or grandmother, shall, whether the blow is or is not struck in consequence, suffer death by being beheaded. In punishing this criminal design, no distinction shall be made between principals and accessories, except as far as regards their respective relationships to the persons against whose life the design is entertained. If the murder is committed, all parties concerned therein, and related to the deceased, as above-mentioned, shall suffer death by a slow and painful execution. If the criminal should die in prison, an execution similar in mode shall take place on his body."

deism: but the public one is polytheistical. They have a gunpowder-plot in November "in honour of the God of Fire," with illuminations and street plays; and last summer, thanksgivings were ordered to the Great Dragon, or God of Water, for visiting the thirsty province of Pekin with rain.

MISTAKES IN MATRIMONY.

SPAIN, as well as China, has furnished us this week with a domestic tragedy, arising unfortunately from circumstances much more common. Don Joseph Gutierrez, a married man, an eminent lawyer at Madrid, formed a connexion with "a fair vender of oranges;" which by little and little induced him to desert his house, and neglect his professional duties. Donna Balbina, his wife, at first only addressed to him "simple reproaches;" afterwards, "she had recourse to threats;" and at length, after an angry discussion, they came to a resolution of living quietly apart, without troubling the law about the matter.

For some months, Donna Balbina observed the agreement as well as her husband; but all of a sudden she preferred her complaint to the tribunals. The judge, Don Manuel Segovia, a good-natured man, endeavoured to make up the quarrel; the husband consented; but Donna Balbina "having poured on him a volley of invectives," he "retracted, and obstinately rejected every overture to a reconciliation." The Judge indeed decided that they should live together; the fruit-woman was told that she was to offend again on her peril; but Don Joseph did not care. He went living on as before; Donna Balbina renewed her charges again and again, but to no purpose, the proofs failing her; and this forced her to pay the expenses.—At length an ingenious thought struck her.

"Don Joseph had a dog who followed him everywhere. Donna Balbina said to him one day, as he was going out, 'Do leave the dog at home,' to which he consented; but the moment he departed she sent for a notary and two alguazils, who had been put at her disposal, and taking the dog with them, they proceeded all four to the quarter called La Cebada, where the dog stopped at the house No. 3, and quitting his mistress, immediately entered it. Donna Balbina and the ministers of the law followed, and found Don Joseph engaged, *tête-à-tête*, with Louisa."

With this new fact against her husband, Donna Balbina proceeded to the Judge, who refused to listen to the charge; and five days afterwards the poor woman was found dead; assassinated, they say, by Louisa, at the moment she was preparing to pay the Judge another visit. Louisa, after three interrogatories, was condemned to death, asserting her innocence. The sentence was carried to the superior court, and confirmed upon new testimony; and the last intelligence was, that it only waited to receive the sanction of the King.

On the face of this story, here is another instance of the dreadful effects produced by what many people appear to think a very innocent thing,—to wit, a propensity to scolding. A married man forms a connexion, which induces him “to desert his house and neglect his professional duties.” So far, *he* appears to be the person in error. Indeed, if he has a family, he had no right to neglect his professional duties under any circumstances, if the pursuit of them were necessary to the well-being of the woman he had undertaken to support, and the children she had produced him. But no mention is made of a family; and in the next sentence we learn that the first step taken by the lady was to address to her husband “simple reproaches.” Now simple reproaches are very simple things; but allowance must be made on all sides, especially on that which conceives itself injured, and which society encourages to think so, however it may have contributed to the misfortune. Gentle methods, nevertheless, it is universally agreed, ought to succeed to reproaches, however just. They are expected equally from husbands and wives. Of these we hear nothing. The next information is, that “she had recourse to threats;” and finally, after angry discussions and a sullen agreement to separate (for it could have been nothing else, and was probably the angriest part of the business) she has recourse to the law.

A good-natured lawyer makes his appearance: he endeavours to effect a reconciliation; and the husband is willing. The lady does not appear unwilling, as far as the mere fact of living upon terms with him is concerned; but even with this prospect before her, and apparently in the very relish of it, she proceeds to give him a foretaste of his old bliss by pouring on him “a volley of invectives.”

Upon this our gentleman grows savage in his turn; retracts his consent to live peaceably; and "obstinately rejects every overture to a reconciliation."

Donna Balbina returns again and again to the charge, but in vain. At length she succeeds in dogging him to his mistress's lodging; and in a few days the wretched woman is found dead, and the mistress condemned to death as her assassin.

There is a passage in Shakspeare, which seems very much to the purpose of this narrative. It is in the 'Comedy of Errors.'

Abbess. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Strayed his affection in unlawful love?
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Aye, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Aye, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it;

At board, he fed not for my urging it;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme;

In company, I often glanced it;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad.

Observe, we only speak of what appears to have been the case, on the face of it. The husband may have been worse than is understood; the wife may have been better. On the other hand, it is she that may have been worse; and even Louisa herself might have had more to say than we are aware of, beset on one side by the tempting tongue of the barrister, and on the other by that of his wife. "What can we reason but from what we know?" On the face of the matter, the husband is faithless, but not averse to reconciliation; the wife scolding and averse; and the fair vender of oranges an assassin. This is all we know of the affair; and

unfortunately it is a situation of things much too common, with the exception of the murder, which, when it happens on such occasions, is generally one of a much worse description, and perpetrated by one of the married parties.

We are far from wishing to beg any question against the fair sex, on these or any other points. Our zeal in their behalf is too well known to render it necessary to deprecate any conclusion of that sort. We think, it is true, that scolding is very unworthy of their fairness, physical or moral, and that in the present instance it was very likely the *immediate* cause of the whole calamity, as it is of a hundred others. But our object in noticing the business lies deeper than that, and goes to first causes; which are unquestionably to be found somehow or other in the nature of marriage itself, as at present constituted, and call loudly for the interference of legislation. Men may often be the persons having the more immediate right of complaint; but if they have not their legal remedies, they take their illegal consolations; while all the feelings of anger and self-love and desolation, of which the female heart (like every other heart) is susceptible, are not only roused by the force of the mortifying circumstances, but taught and expected to be so by the very sex who complain of them,—the very sex who first made the laws what they are for their own pride and convenience, and then monopolize the right to infringe them.

It is in this anomaly that the first causes of the fate of this unhappy woman are most likely to be found:—in this anomaly even the alleged assassin may find the origin of *her* misfortunes:—while the only one of the sex who make these unequal laws, and whose selfishness and bad conscience hinder them from looking them in the face and making them better, walks abroad with the reputation of being a good-natured man (as he probably is) and a living martyr to a couple of violent women.

To use a common phrase, it is hardly possible now-a-days to take up a newspaper, at least in England, that does not contain the most frightful evidences of the want of a better legislation respecting the union of the sexes. We shall doubtless have too many occasions to return to the subject; and we shall do so, whatever the selfish and hypocritical might think, with feelings of

the most serious interest on behalf of both the sexes, and with a reverence and anxiety for the cause of real love and lasting attachments, equally foreign from profligacy and superstition.

THE "MISERABLE METHODISTS."

"THE Duke of WELLINGTON presented a petition from a Congregation at Lewes, Sussex, praying their Lordships not to pass the Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts. The Petitioners stated, the Noble Duke said, and in that statement he concurred, the great advantages that arose from toleration. The Petitioners also expressed great apprehensions—in which he hoped they would be deceived—that if the Act passed into a law, they might suffer considerably.

"Lord KING understood that the Petitioners were Dissenters; and if they were, they were very strange Dissenters—they were the miserable Wesleyan Methodists, the most intolerant of sects, who would have toleration for themselves, but would not tolerate any other persons.

"The Earl of FALMOUTH did not know why so respectable a body of people should be called in that House miserable Methodists."—*Examiner.*

Lord KING gave a very good reason why they should be called "Miserable Methodists," granting even that there were no other. The Methodists may be divided into two classes, both miserable; one because they are unhealthy, unhappy men, trying to look for a comfort in the next world, which they cannot find in this; the other, because they are a parcel of shallow, hard people, just the reverse of the former, with no imaginations, who secure themselves a place in heaven, just as they would in the Buckingham stage. The former try in vain to be happy; they are too sensitive and good-hearted for their own opinions; and are haunted with a sense of those who are to be left *out* of Paradise. Of this description was poor Cowper; whose fine understanding was no more fitted to put up with their absurdities, than his frightened and shattered frame was to enable him to throw them off. The other methodists care not who is left out of heaven, so that they are in; they turn it all to the "glory of God," whom they make so illustrious for everything inhuman and unjust, that as a philosopher has said, their religion ought to be called Daemonism, not Christianity. It would be frightfuller than it is, if it were not exceedingly foolish: for in truth, there is no Daemonism on earth, much less in heaven;

but there is a great deal of folly; and this, according to the temperament it acts upon, produces a great deal of selfishness; so that men utter doctrines, and are unfortunately influenced by them, which with a little help from the physician or "the schoolmaster," they would be ashamed of. We attend here to no distinctions of Wesleyan and Whitfieldian Methodists. Temperament makes the real difference. There are frightened Methodists, and hard, unimaginative Methodists. This is the proper distinction. The former are miserable in the ordinary sense of the word; the latter, according to the poet, may be accounted still more miserable:—

They, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more lovely than before.

The 'Chronicle,' speaking of the Earl of Falmouth's uneasiness at hearing the Methodists called miserable, and his vindication of them as a respectable body of people, says it does not augur well for them. "We fear," says the 'Chronicle,' "for a sect, when it is called *respectable* by Lords. It used to be said, in the country, of a youth when he had done growing, that he had got a knock on the head. During the growth of sects, the rule is to hate them; they become respectable when they become stationary, or ~~are~~ on the decline."

There are three things which may be said to have grown up together, and which make a formidable alliteration; Misery, Methodism, and Manufactures. If you wish to see Methodism in all its ingloriousness, go into the lace-making districts. It is there in all its triumph over the poor, the sedentary, and the frightened. However, another M. has come up, still more formidable, which is Machinery. This, after a great deal of trouble, will force its way with its giant arms, and insist upon fairer play being shewn to labour and the right of leisure; and meanwhile the Press is increasing with it; the two giants, the mechanical and the intellectual, have united their forces; and nothing will stand before them. At this moment, hundreds of iron mouths are at work, pouring forth "knowledge enormous." This it is that makes Methodism on the decline; for the Methodist, like any other bigot, dares argue only so far. Knowledge argues as far as

it can; and the Methodist is left behind. "Two-penny trash" is putting out a world of shilling, eighteen-penny, aye, and six-shilling trash. What is the 'Methodist's Magazine' once every four weeks, or the lumbering heap of falsehoods and common-places, called the 'Quarterly,' every three months, to the little weekly and almost every-day papers, that play like spirits about the heads of the community, and keep them fresh and joyous for the rejection of nonsense? Mr Limbird's 'Mirror' alone, merely by circulating a variety of knowledge, throws light upon thousands of human minds, and prepares them to repel with scorn the dark absurdities and frightful shapes, with which bigotry and corruption would hold them bound.*

The Examiner speaks of "a pious brig." We happened once to find ourselves on board one of those vessels of sanctification. It was a Margate hoy, which sailed "by the grace of God." At night-time, walking about to keep ourselves warm, we hit against something on deck, and stooped to examine it. It was a woman! The Methodists (for theirs was the hoy) had secured all the beds below; and not one of them could be induced to give up his snug corner to the female.

LORD HOLLAND AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

"In home news," says the *Atlas*, "the great event of the past week is the second reading of the Bill for repealing the Test and Corporation Acts, in the House of Lords. It was a marvel peculiar to these latter days, to see Lord Holland, in a measure of such a nature, supported by the King's First Minister, and the whole Episcopal Bench. The last hope of the Ultra-Churchmen was in "Heaven and the Duke of Wellington." We know not what miracle Heaven may work for them at the twelfth hour; but the Duke of Wellington cannot afford to keep open, as a continual subject of rancorous and useless controversy, a question which the opinion of the Country and of the Church, and the vote of the House of Commons, have combined to seal."

Lord Holland, "supported by the King's First Minister and the whole Bench of Bishops," upon a religious question, has cer-

* We have just seen a late number of the "Mirror," after a long interval. Mr Limbird has a right to be impartial, and to make his selections from all quarters; but he should take care how he repeats, as facts, assertions which have no authority but that of the "Quarterly Review;" a work deficient in common honesty.

tainly a right to a new coat of arms. A Bishop on each side would do very well instead of his Foxes; and he might give up, for a new motto, the dumb eloquence of his *Faire sans dire* to the Noble Duke. What does he think of "*Libertas, otia, libri?*" This, with "*occupationes*," ought to become the motto of the whole world. We happen to have kept our eye upon Lord Holland more than upon any other nobleman, ever since we have had to do with the press; and we never remember an instance, in which a handsome thing was to be done in the House of Lords, that he did not advocate it, nor an unhandsome one, which was not sure of his Protest. So great a thing it is to unite the humanity of a love of letters, with a genial temperament, and a liberal family name.

There are many reasons why the Duke of Wellington is in his present station, and why he acts as he does. It is of use to many people. He is a great cutter of Gordian knots. But they say, that among his recommendations to the royal favour, he has that of being a sincere man, and of saying what he thinks. If this be the case, we wonder at no confidence which the King reposes in him. A sincere man, and reasonable withal, must to a King be a god-send inconceivable. Ever since we heard of the Duke's character to that effect, we have had an inclination to like him, and hope we may find additional reasons for it. In friend or enemy sincerity is a noble thing,—the daylight of humanity. It enables us to see what we have to do or to oppose, and is an argument of natural greatness; if not in the presence of what is great, at least in the absence of what is dark and petty.

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